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"Where is my Wand'ring Boy,"  
"When the Mists Have Rolled Away,"  
"Saved by Grace," and others of the famous

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*A Dainty Bibelot*

# **We Sat Apart**

By EUGENE LEE

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quaintly conceived and written in  
such a delightful manner that it will  
appeal to everyone.

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and published by him at No. 139 FIFTH  
AVENUE, New York City.*



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**A RIDDLE.**

*Brown, Round and Long  
With permutations and combinations.*

It's round and long and brown,  
Cylindrical in shape ;  
It's heard in every town,  
From it you can't escape.

It's round, and brown and long;  
It's center is a hole ;  
It's music, speech and song;  
It's human all but soul.

It's brown, and long and round.  
It's built upon a plan  
A Great Inventor found—  
Now guess it if you can ?

---

**AS A MEANS OF SALVATION.**

THE talking machine has come to stay. Its wonderful adaptability to all the varying moods and needs of human nature has placed it in the front ranks of mechanical music makers of this generation. By reason of its versatility, it is continually finding new uses for itself. First, it was a scientific toy ; next, it showed a fondness for business as a help to the stenographer and typewriter. Then it entered the amusement field and found its fitness as an entertainer. It is in this stage of its life that its greatest usefulness has developed.

It has invaded every walk of life, and has become an article of furniture in the home of rich and poor alike. It



is for the millionaire and the humblest toiler in the land. It is for the Royalty—the Queen, the Emperor, and the Sultan—as well as for plain John Smith of Lonely Hollow, Wis. The President has one. Senators, Supreme Court Judges, janitors and preachers find a certain charm in one or another of its accomplishments; each finding something in the instrument that suits his needs.

New uses are found daily.

The Salvation Army has tumbled to the Phonograph. Ask Ensign Johnson, in charge of the Canonsburg Corps at Washington, Pa., how he'd get along without it. Talk to Major Robert Bell, chief divisional officer of the Army of Connecticut. He will tell you of his New London meetings last Spring, in which he drew large crowds daily and nightly at Army Hall, 436 Bank Street. Get the experiences of Brigadier Brengle at his Norwalk, Conn. meetings, and elsewhere. Write to Ensign and Mrs. Atkins about their rally at Bath, N. Y., where they saved many souls at their hall in the Ayer Building. Write to Cadet French of Norwalk, Conn. Talk to the Salvation Army in New Albany, Ind., Louisville, Ky., and all over the country.

Verily, verily, the talking machine hath done a good work in the saving of souls.

Here is the "experience" of a well known Toledo man, as reported in the *Chicago Tribune*, last August.

"M. O. Waggoner, the infidel who has announced his intention of sacrificing his valuable collection of books treating on infidelism and will make a bonfire of them in public, was converted in a peculiar manner. Mr. Waggoner, who is 76 years old, is a lawyer, and ranks high in the Lucas County Bar. He made open avowal of his con-



A



**A is for ARMY**  
**That fights for salvation**  
**The *Phonograph* using**  
**For its jubilation.**



version in the presence of a large congregation at the Memorial Church in this city recently.

Some time ago he listened to the sermon of an evangelist, and the thought of his disbelief preyed on his mind. He has a gramophone with which he is wont to amuse himself, and at midnight, being unable to sleep, he arose, and, placing a disk in the instrument at random, started the machine.

The air of "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow" filled the room, and this was followed by "Rock of Ages Cleft for Me." At the conclusion Mr. Waggoner was singing and shouting praises of the Lord."

Mr. Waggoner burned his infidel books. His first idea was to have a public bonfire, but he decided, in view of the fact that many might doubt his sincerity, to burn them in the furnace of the Memorial United Brethren Church, corner of Lawrence Avenue and Hicks Street, which was done last January, in the presence of the Rev. E. P. Rosselot, the pastor, and a few intimate friends. He appeared to be the happiest man in Toledo as he saw the flames gradually destroying his collection.

These are Results.

Results that were never dreamed of by Edison, Bell and Tainter, Macdonald, Berliner, and Bettini when they conceived their different talking machines and their talking machine improvements.

All hail, therefore, to Edison, Bell, Tainter, Macdonald, Berliner, and Bettini! They are soul savers! They, through their instruments, are the means of salvation!



## IT CAUGHT EVEN THE DEACONS.

Among the numbers given at a recent Phonograph entertainment in a little Presbyterian Church out in the suburbs, was a song "The County Fair," and the usual race track accompaniments—band playing a lively air, crowd shouting for the race to begin, etc. When the performance started some of the more conservative members exchanged glances of horror, as the unconverted "graph" with brazen disregard of all pious scruples, coughed up the clatter of horses' hoofs and voiced the huzzas of the crowd. They were not sure whether they were in a church or in the grandstand of some driving park association, but as the rhythmic movement of hurrying hoofs came louder and clearer, horror gave place in the sport of "Get there," etc., and when the winner passed the judges' stand and the clang of the bell announced the close of the race, it was observed that even the deacons did not abstain from the applause that followed.—*News*, Detroit, Mich.

## IT'S NATURALNESS DECEIVED HIM.

A countryman dropped into the bar at the village hotel and called for a drink. Just as he was about to stow it beneath his vest the Phonograph began to play one of the popular cake walks. A look akin to terror came over his face. He set his glass down on the bar and making a bolt for the door exclaimed: "Gee Willikins! there comes the Warren band down the street and I forgot to tie my horses."—*Democrat*, Warren, Pa.



## WHO HAS EVER HEARD OF A PHONO- GRAPH BUOY?

*After George Ade.*

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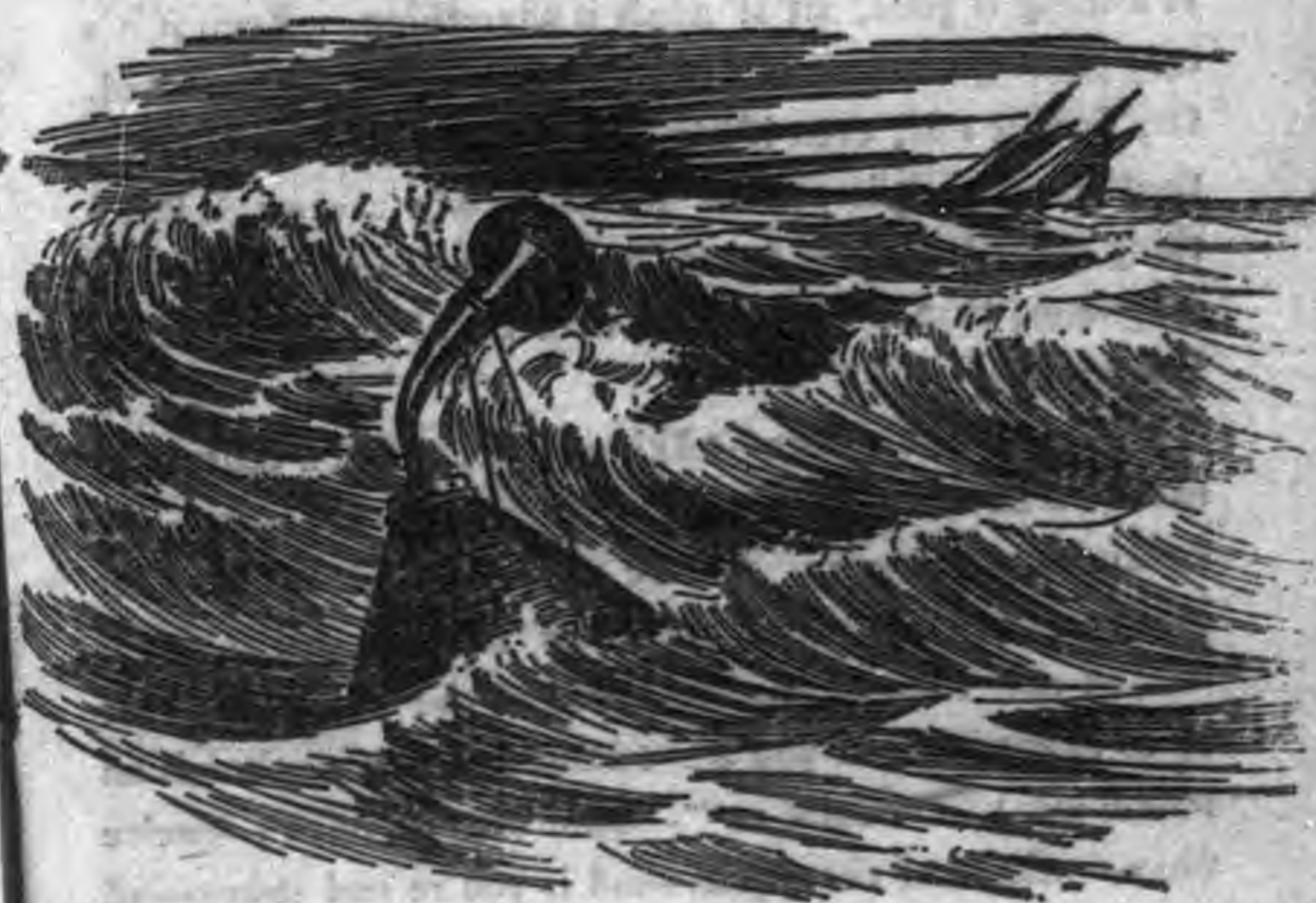
A Twentieth Century Inventor who hails from Oshkosh, Wis., and Who Says that "his hat has no holes in it" either, propounds the following Crisp One. Just now he has Charge of the Draw One in a Dennett Beanery. "We intend to place one of our Phonograph buoys on the noted Kitty Hawk reef at the mouth of the Savannah River. At present a bell buoy marks that dangerous reef, and you know the action of the waves tolls the bell of the buoy. It will doubtless surprise many vessel captains to hear our buoy, with its clear distinct sound, say, 'I am Kitty Hawk, Kitty Hawk, Kitty, Kitty Hawk,' and they will hear it further than they can hear the bell buoy."

It remains to be seen if he continues to Reach Out Sideways for the Brim of his Hat, or if he makes a Quick Touch on some Easy Mark and Nails him as a Backer and Makes Good. It is a Large Project that the Oshkosh One has suggested. The Objections are in the Line of the Corruption that cometh through Moth and Rust—principally Rust. And How a delicate Mechanism like the Phonograph could be Tossed and Buffeted by Moist Waves and yet avoid harm, is yet Also to be explained. At the Present Stage of the game, his Talk Talk is technically known as Hot Air. Until the Beanery Manager hires another Intellectual Giant to "draw one in the dark," thus releasing the Inventor from his Arduous Duties, we fear that he and his Good Thing will remain in *Innocuous Desuetude*.



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# B



B is for BUOY  
Tossed by the waves,  
Hoarsely it bellows,  
It warns and it saves.



## TALKING CLOCKS.

And why not?

Certainly yes: if people want them. Which, after all is only a question of some enterprising man getting a lot of them made, and advertising their advantages to the public. If a thing is good, all it needs is advertising. Even if it's only three-quarters good, it will go if it is properly exploited. Or, further still, even if it's only half good, and it's advertised properly, it is possible for it to win success. But a thing must have *some* merit, to make a financial hit for its proprietor; that is one of the maxims of the Advertising Business.

Come back to clocks—talking clocks. For a century or more we have had but two varieties of alarm clocks—the cuckoo and the gong. To be sure, the cuckoo is a talker in a measure, but not a diversified talker. All it says is “Cuck-oo” once or twelve times as the case may be (or up to twenty-four if you are Italian and your cuckoo is an Italian also). “Cuck-oo”—same tone of voice—twelve times—middle of the night—and if you're real sleepy—all these are provocations that have discouraged the talking clock idea. But the trouble is not with the idea; it's with the imperfect manner it has hitherto been worked out.

The time is ripe for something new in clocks. Because the Ancients clung to the sun dial and the clepsydra and the sand glass for a couple of thousand years, it's no reason why we should not have something new, and right away too, if we want it. The early English used a rush light in a horn to measure the passing hours. Then came the pendulum and weights, then springs and finally the balance and balance wheel that made possible the modern watch.



Bells and gongs have been known for thousands of years; but the Phonograph has barely reached the age of twenty-five—indeed, in its present form, it is just five years old. So there is yet time for the talking clock.

Now my idea of a talking clock is that it should above all things be discreet. There are times when speech is silver but silence golden. So with clocks. After eleven at night, till waking time in the morning, it should just *whisper* the hour; only loud enough for you to hear it if you're listening for it, and no louder. What do you want of a clock that wakes you from a sound sleep by banging away twelve times on a bell? Why wouldn't a gentle "twelve" spoken in a refined quiet way, be ever so much better?

Then there's the complication that arises in your mind when you hear a clock strike the half hour. Is it one o'clock, you ask yourself? Or half after one? Or half after what? You actually feel obliged to stay awake for the next half hour to find out what the clock meant by striking one; whereas if the clock *said* "one thirty" or "five thirty" you would know right off whether to turn over for another snooze or to prepare for daily toil.

Likewise to married men, who have lodge meetings to attend or frequent club nights or "work at the office" the talking clock *whispering* the early morning hours, would be a boon. The all too familiar vision of a white robed waiting figure, (kept awake during her lonely hours by the striking of bells), would become a thing of the past. She would sink into calm slumber at the accustomed hour of retiring, and undisturbed by the gentle whisper of the clock, speaking the midnight hour and the subsequent small hours, she would continue to sleep. Then would the Belated One rejoice to find his homecoming unwatched.



C



C is for CLOCK  
With a *Phonograph Horn*,  
Telling young Smith  
“It’s time to be gone.”



He could fiddle with the key hole to his heart's content. No one to chide him as he hangs up his shoes on the hat rack. No one to eye him coldly as he tries to take off his shirt before removing his collar. Only himself to blame if he disturbs the sweet slumberer. Oh why doesn't some good friend of humanity step forward and announce the long—delayed—gentle—voiced talking clock!

Then the *alarm* feature of the new clock. Full of possibilities. The commuter could arrange a talking record which announced, promptly at 7:28, "Come Jones, time to go—time's up. Don't eat the rest of that sausage—remember the last time you ran for the train—don't do it again—hurry up—hurry—you ought to be at the door now—goodbye." How much more expressive, coercive and explicit than just one stroke of a bell meaning half past seven! Result, Jones would catch the 7:43 every morning, without churning up his coffee, and without barking his shins on the bottom step of the last car.

At night too, when young Smith came to call on Clara, Jones could go to sleep with perfect content; knowing full well that at the reasonable hour of 10:52, his Phonograph Clock would start off with a fitting preamble, whereas and resolution, advising young Smith "It's time to be gone. Young man, come again, come often but just now it's time to be gone." Young Smith would be surprised, perhaps. That's what the New Clock is intended for. Next time he stayed late, he'd go surely before 10:49; for he wouldn't know what other little pleasantry the clock would work off on him. That would be the beauty of the thing; a new and different alarm could be prepared for each particular event, thus keeping the novelty always fresh.

It's novelty that quickens the pulse and stirs the blood.



## NEW EDISON CONCERT RECORDS.

Songs by George H. Broderick.

- B 359 Absent Minded Beggar.
- B 337 Anvil Song.
- B 357 Beer Song.
- B 345 Calf of Gold.
- B 352 Cooper's Song.
- B 342 Down Deep Within the Cellar.
- B 343 Father O'Flynn.
- B 351 Friar of Orders Gray.
- B 347 Heart Bowed Down.
- B 356 How Fair Art Thou.
- B 354 King O'er Land and Sea.
- B 338 Let All Obey.
- B 346 Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.
- B 341 Simon the Cellarer.
- B 344 Since Thou Art Mine.
- B 353 Song of the Turnkey.
- B 348 Tale of a Whale.
- B 339 The Palms.
- B 355 The Red Scarf.
- B 358 The Vagabond.
- B 350 Thursday.
- B 340 Yarn of the Dates.
- B 349 Who Treads the Path of Duty.

Talking Records by Cal. Stewart.

- B 361 Uncle Josh and the Buneo Steerers.
- B 365 Uncle Josh at Delmonico's.
- B 360 Uncle Josh at the Camp Meeting.
- B 364 Uncle Josh at the Opera.



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Talking Records by Cal. Stewart.

B 362 Uncle Josh on the Pumpkin  
Center R. R.

B 363 Uncle Josh's Arrival in New York.

Violin Solos by Charles D'Almaine.

B 335 Because.

B 333 Ben Bolt.

B 331 El Miserere, *from Il Trovatore*.

B 334 Imitation of Bag Pipes and Scotch Air.

B 332 Polish National Dance.

B 336 Scenes That Are Brightest.

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### HAVING FUN WITH AN ECHO

The mischievous pages of the House have discovered a new trick of the echoes in Statuary Hall. They play it upon the tourists by the score and upon pretentious statesmen occasionally, when they can do so without discovery.

There is a certain spot, near the beaten path of travel from the central doorway of the House toward the Senate, where this peculiar echo is effective. If any coin or metal object is dropped on the marble step between the telegraph office and the reception room it sounds to one passing the particular spot in question as though the object were dropping immediately at his feet. A boy with a dime or a nickel is able to have all sorts of fun by waiting till some one passes the point. Even the Senate pages skip away from their work to visit the boys on the other side and play with the echo.—From the *Washington Post*.



## A 'PHONE NAP COSTS MONEY.

To begin with, he's "a good fellow." That's a phrase easier understood by men than by women. It generally means—well, it means he's an all-round good sort in the male line.

Saturday afternoon he was feeling pretty good. He had been quite thirsty, if what he had taken was to be judged as a criterion. And the libations left him in a thoroughly good humor, and he felt at peace with the world.

In this delightful mental and physical state he be-thought him of a friend of his in Providence, R. I. And he further thought that he would call up that particular friend on the telephone.

So he went to a Broad street hotel, told the young women there who had charge of the 'phone that he wanted to speak to Mr. So-and-So in Providence, and wouldn't she kindly call up the party.

The girl did as she was bade.

"Party's on the 'phone," she said, and the man went into the telephone box, sat down and put the receiver to his ear.

And then he calmly and sweetly dropped off to sleep.

When he woke up he owed the telephone company \$32.90.

He said he wouldn't pay it—but he did.

—From the *Philadelphia Press*.

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Miss Helen Gould has shown her interest in the sailors of the American navy by donating a Phonograph and stereopticon to the crew of the United States training ship Hartford.



## AN UP TO DATE GHOST STORY.

*By MR. OPENEER.*

My friend Fisher recently decided to move.

A Ghost was the cause of his decision.

Fisher lives alone with a maiden sister who is stone deaf; and for weeks past his slumbers have been broken—sometimes by bands playing about his head, and sometimes by rag-time songs. Again he would be awakened by a sermon telling of future punishment. He investigated but could find no clue. He asked his sister; but she hadn't heard a word for twenty years. He sat up nights with a shotgun. The ghostly sounds continued, but his ability as a detective was baffled. Then he decided that the house was certainly haunted, and last week they packed up their goods preparatory to moving.

Then he did some hard thinking, before really and truly moving away just because of a Ghost.

Fisher still occupies his old home and is superstitious no more. The mystery was explained by two neighbor's boys. They had attached a long hose to a Phonograph, and had run the hose through an old water pipe to the house and fixed the nozzle so that the sounds would reach Fisher's bedroom. At first arrests were threatened; but the penitence of the boys (when they learned of the anguish they had caused), called for mercy and a settlement was effected out of court.

But it was certainly a very severe test of Fisher's nerves before he did that hard thinking.

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A peaceful dog may not fight; but he often does that which is worse—he watches where the other dog hides his bone.





**THOMAS A. EDISON**



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## \*THE STORY OF THE PHONOGRAPH.

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History : Ancient, Medieval and Modern.

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### CHAPTER I—ANCIENT.



From the beginning of Time, mankind has sought to reproduce by mechanical means, the sounds of the Living World. Of the great antiquity of musical instruments there are many evidences ; but the first attempt to simulate the human voice is doubtless the wonderful statue of Memnon

at Thebes, dating back to the 18th Egyptian Dynasty, B. C. 1490. Two colossal statues still stand on the west bank of the Nile, near the present village of Karnak, 'mid the ruins of some eighteen others. At one time, the most northern gave forth sounds at sunrise, supposed to be Memnon's morning salute to his mother Eos, the Goddess of Dawn. That this is more than a mere fable seems to be attested by several cuniform inscriptions on the base of the statue, placed there by famous

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travellers. The statue was tumbled over by an earthquake in B. C. 27. Strabo, one of the earliest globe trotters on record, visited Memnon in the year 7 A. D., and writes rather cautiously of the voice, calling it merely a noise. Other writers (among them Tacitus, recording the visit of the Roman General Germanicus, A. D. 79) refer to the sound as distinctly musical; while still other enthusiastic writers dignify it as a song. Among the notables whose visits to the statue are recorded, are Titus Petronius Secundus, a Roman Prefect, A. D. 82, and the Emperors Hadrian, A. D. 140, and Septimius Severus, A. D. 194.

Several of the inscriptions (the earliest dating A. D. 65) express or imply the idea that Memnon, when entire, could speak in language; but since his mutilation was reduced to inarticulate sounds. The best of the lot is by one Asklepiodotus, the imperial procurator: "Know, O sea-born Thetis, that Memnon could not die. When the hot rays shed by his mother [Eos] fell brightly upon him, his clear song rings out while the Spreading Nile parts the Lybian hills from hundred gated Thebes."

The statue was restored A. D. 196, by Septimius Severus, soon after his visit; but alas! the wonderful gift of speech had departed.

### MEDIEVAL.

During the next ten centuries, there are instances without number of talking automatons that have been genuinely constructed to perform mechanical wonders, but the voices have been produced by trickery; either a concealed person has talked through tubes or by echo from a concealed position.



The first *authentic* talker appeared in the 13th century, when Friar Roger Bacon, the early English Philosopher, constructed an ingenious talking head.

Gerber, a German Monk of an earlier period than Bacon, is said to have made a most wonderful brazen head that talked, as did also Albertus Magnus; but there is so much that is legendary interwoven in the records that all but Bacon's head may be fairly put down as fables. Bacon's talking machine was doubtless suggested by the Speaking Head of Orpheus, which was an awe inspiring enigma to the early Greeks; but it is more than probable that this wonder was to be accounted for on the same principle as the vocal power of the colossal statue of the Indian God, Siva (the Destroyer) where a seat was provided for a priest under the headgear of the figure. In the case of Memnon however, it is generally conceded that the sounds were due to some artifice of construction or peculiarity of material used rather than the deception of priests; thus establishing it as the first talking statue. The same may be said of Bacon's head. Its verity is vouched for by early testimony, thus establishing it without doubt as the first talking automaton.

#### MODERN.

From Bacon to Faber of the present time is a long step, with no great achievement to chronicle, unless we except the famous duck of Vaucanson, so often referred to as one of the mechanical wonders of the century. This was constructed in 1740, and astonished all beholders by not only quacking in a life-like manner, but by waving its wings, pluming its feathers, eating grain and even digesting



its food. The crowning point of mechanical ingenuity was reached by Herr Faber, a Vienna experimenter, who in 1860 built a most elaborate talking man, which easily stands at the head of all talking machines of the automaton class.

A brief description of Faber's talking man may be of interest. It has flexible lips of rubber, and also a rubber tongue, ingeniously controlling vowels and consonants. In its throat is a tiny fan wheel, by which the letter 'r' is rolled. It has an ivory reed for vocal cords. Its mouth is an oval cavity, the size of which is regulated by sliding sections, rapidly operated from a key-board. A tube is attached to its nose when it speaks French. It is really a most wonderful piece of mechanism, but a hundred times more complicated than Mr. Edison's Phonograph of 1877, or the perfected Phonograph of to-day.

But Faber and his predecessors were on the wrong track in attempting to solve the problem of sound reproduction in this manner, on its physical side. Faber sought a cause; Edison saw an effect, and said, "The Thing is there, it has but to be found." Faber started from the *source* of the sound, and built a mechanism, reproducing the *causes* of the vibrations that made articulate speech. It remained for Edison to start from the vibrations; to obtain the mechanical *effects* of such vibrations; to record them on a pliable material and then to reproduce them.

Faber copied the movements of the vocal organs, Edison studied a vibrating diaphragm, and reproduced the action of the ear drum when acted upon by the vibration *caused* by the vocal organs.

(TO BE CONTINUED).



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# *The* PHONOGRAM

MONTHLY

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**SUBSCRIPTION:—THIRTY CENTS A YEAR**

*Advertising rates to be had on application.*

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will be devoted to all Questions and Answers relating to

Phones, Graphs, Grams,

and Scopes. Correspondence

welcomed

by him



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## MAY NOTES

¶ My friend Col. George Smith, down in Jersey, is somewhat of a genius. He has caused a telegraphic and Phonographic connection to be made between his house and the First M. E. Church, which is directly opposite; and he is thus enabled to hear every part of the service without the bother of going to church. This arrangement will, I have no doubt, be a great source of religious comfort to him in the future.

¶ The *Scopes* are an ever increasing family. First the Phantascope; also known as the Phantasmoscope and the Phenakistoscope. This was a curious optical toy, popular some thirty or forty years ago. It consisted of a revolving disk, on which figures were drawn in different attitudes, so that, when seen successively, they produced the appearance of an object in actual motion; as an animal leaping or a man walking or eating—due to the continuance of the successive visual impressions on the retina. Along comes Muybridge in the seventies or eighties, with his wonderful instantaneous photographs of the horse in motion, upsetting all preconceived ideas as to exactly how a running or leaping horse should be drawn. Then Mr. Edison substituted instantaneous photographs for these progressive *drawings*, and the Kinetoscope was born. Then followed Latham's Eidoloscope, the Mutoscope, the Biograph, the Cineograph, the Cinematograph, the Wargraph, the Vitascope, and among others, the Kalatechnoscope. All these wonderful names mean just "moving picture machines."

¶ I know a man who bought a Phonograph to sing to his baby. He also bought a lot of blank cylinders to record



the baby's coos. But the baby didn't coo all through the latter experiment. I've heard some of the home-made masters, and I tell you, some of them are "howling" successes.

¶ My book plate is a bush, with a large black S artfully interwoven; and, mysteriously superposed thereon, a Bird; holding in its beak a scrit or screed or scroll, call it as you may.

All writers are Birds, insomuch as they gather stray shreds of information and threads of knowledge and weave them into a nest which they call a Book.

This month I am Yellow Bird; a Scribbling Lark; otherwise, a Yellow-Hammer, or a Yellow shafted Woodpecker; which, perforating the bark of apple trees for grubs and insects, makes strange puncturations thereon, and which I have often seen in varied forms, some of which do resemble attempts at writing.

I pray my friends to bear gently with me in this my number one and volume one. I am clinging closely to the trunk of the talking-machine-knowledge tree; and am pecking here and there all over the bark for fat facts and interesting information; food for thought for you and indirectly, food for myself. If my peckings make puncturations that resemble attempts at writing, and if these attempts meet with your interest and approval (as shall be evidenced by the stream of dimes which I confidentially hope will flow my way, neatly pasted *in three's* to a letter announcing a year's subscription), I shall feel that I have not misjudged my ability to pose as a real Scribbling Lark, *yellow* only in plumage.

(Continued on page thirty)





### SOME RECENT RAG-TIME SONGS

**You're Talking Rag-time. With Banjo Accompaniment**

**You are Certainly Hard Luck to Me.**

**With Banjo Accompaniment**

**No Cake Comes too High for Me.**

**With Orchestra Accompaniment**

**My Babe from Boston.**

**With Banjo**

**"**

**I'd Leave My Happy Home for You.**

**I Ain't Seen No Messenger Boy.**

**Smoky Mokes.**

**Cake Walk Song**

**She's the Warmest Baby in the Bunch.**



# Douglas & Company

H. C. DOUGLAS, Manager

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**Bettini Reproducers.**

**Records to order.**

**151 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.**

**Corner Twenty-first Street**



*(Continued from page twenty-seven)*

In other issues to follow I shall perhaps be a Green Bird—a Parrot, repeating only what others have said. Or I shall be a Blue Bird, “flooding with melody the neighborhood.” Or an Orange Bird—an Oriole, weaving queer stories for your edification and amusement. Or I shall be Black—a Crow, with split tongue repeating (but with more wisdom than the Parrot) odd bits I have heard concerning talking machines. Or again, some other time, a Magpie, stealing bodily that which pleases my eye and which I think may please yours. Whatever Bird I may be, however, I shall always bear in my beak a scrit, screed or scroll, call it what you may; the contents thereof to be—I swear it—of general interest and utility to talking machine owners and users.

On with your dimes. Stick three on your visiting card and write “Send it.”

Brevity is the Soul of Wit. I shall appreciate your wit during the months to come.

¶ I met Cal Stewart on the train the other day, on his way to Orange, New Jersey, to put in a morning of work at the Edison Laboratory making records. Everybody knows Cal or ought to. He is the Popular Yankee Comedian, and the author of the quaint talks known to all talking machine enthusiasts as the “Uncle Josh” series. And he’s just as jolly in everyday life as he is on his Records.

“Haow be yew,” he said to me. “Haow’s your fambly. What you’ve been up tew?” “Oh tolerble” said I, and I told him about THE PHONOGRAM.

Well, the upshot of our conversation was his promise to



give me the text of three or four funny talks; something new that he has up his sleeve—never been published before. Watch for the June PHONOGRAM.

## KHAKI CLOTH

### *A New Fabric for Summer Wear.*

Made famous (in this country, at least) by the Rough Riders and their charge "up the hill."

Until the Spanish-American unpleasantness, what khaki cloth had been used by the U. S. Army was imported from England. For many years England has equipped all her Indian troops with khaki uniforms. The cloth is light weight. It is fairly waterproof. It don't show dirt. It makes a cool garment.

**DIRTPROOF**

**COOL**

**WATERPROOF**

Early in 1898, the United States Government solicited bids from American manufacturers for enough khaki to equip the Cuban Army of Invasion. Contracts were awarded to many firms, with the result of several grades of cloth. One mill in particular, however, produced such an excellent weave that the Government reserved the output of that one mill for the *exclusive use of its OFFICERS*.

N.B.—This is the mill whose Khaki Cloth I offer.

**ONE DOLLAR A YARD—36 inches wide**

It cannot be excelled in fitness for golf skirts or for walking skirts. For children's use, entire suits are the thing. For men's wear, it is cooler than duck and more serviceable.

Samples sent to any one interested. Goods sent C. O. D. with privilege of examination. I pay express charges both ways if the fabric does not meet your expectation.

**JOHN WRIGHT, 234 Union St., Hackensack, N.J.**

N.B.—I respectfully request intending purchasers to avail themselves of my offer to send samples, that I may feel certain that each package sent C. O. D. will stay placed.



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